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 Catalogue continued on next page of cover. 

HAL HAZARD,

—OR—

THE FEDERAL SPY.

A MILITARY DRAMA,

IN FOUR ACTS,

—BY—

Fred G. Andrews,

Author of Rip Van Winkle ; Love's Labor Not Lost ; &c.

With a description of the Characters, Entrances and Exits, and
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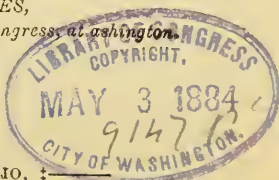
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1883

HAL HAZARD.

CHARACTERS.

Hal Hazard, } *Double Character.*
George Clarendon, }
Capt. Thomas Maxwell, U. S. A.
Lieut. Charles Winters, "
Capt. Peter Bilger, C. S. A.
Lieut. Mack, "
Corporal Podkins, "
Arthur Mason, "
Gen. Sherman, }
Gen. Stoneman, } *May be omitted in the representation.*
Gen. Garrard, }
Miss Nellie Clarendon,
Mrs. Margrave,
Aunt Mollie,

PS635
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ACT I.—The Midnight Attack.

ACT II.—The Surprise.

ACT III.—The Spy.

ACT IV.—Unmasked.

COSTUMES.

Military or Civilian, according to circumstances.

TIME AND PLACE

During the war of the Rebellion, in the United States.

Time of performance—one hour and forty-five minutes.

HAL HAZARD; OR, THE FEDERAL SPY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Federal camp fire by night—guns stacked, sentry pacing at back, Captain Maxwell and Lieut. Winters discovered seated by fire.

Winters. Well, Captain, what do you think of our quarters for the night?

Maxwell. The quarters are well enough, Charlie, if Johnny Reb don't stumble in on us before morning.

Win. No danger of that, Tom. The party we saw just before dark are inside their lines long ago. We are as safe here as in the White House, under the President's writing desk.

Max. I trust so, and yet my plan would be to push on till safe within our own lines to-night. Our party is too small to withstand much of an attack.

Win. What's the matter with you, Tom? That don't sound a bit like you. Why, for my part, I've laid idle so long in camp that I'm positively rusty, and a little lark like this, even with the smell of danger, is a blessing.

Max. We are between the lines, you must remember, in fact nearer the enemies than our own, and are not only hazarding our lives, but if the information we have labored so hard to gain, should now, by our foolishness, fall into the enemies hands, it would never reach headquarters.

Win. It's a confounded shame, I think, that we wern't ordered off on that raid with Stoneman. Somebody's blunder, I suppose.

Max. Don't got impatient, Lieutenant, we'll have marching orders soon enough.

Win. Won't they sound good when they do come. To be sure we had rather a tough time of it on our last long march, but for the past few weeks its been unendurably dull.

Sentry. Who goes there?

Hal Hazard. (outside) Gee up, sorrel; go 'long. What ye feared on, hey?

Sen. Halt, sir, or I'll give you the contents of my carbine.

Hal. What in thunder be ye about thar? Hain't ye got no more gumption than to stan' an' be run over by my hoss, hey?

Sen. (bringing gun to shoulder) Back, sir; it's my last warning.

Hal. Whoa! Hold up, old sorrel! Why blast my peepers, if the blockhead ain't again' ter shoot. Guess I'll have ter climb down an' see what he means. Whoa, sorrel. Now yer stan' right thar or you're a dead mule.

Enter Hal Hazard, R. 1 E.

Hal. S'posin' ye reserve that 'ere bullet fer some secesh chap, an' don't be a killin' yer friends.

Sen. Halt then, and give the countersign, if you're a friend.

Hal. What inarnation duz ye want? Ef ye s'pects me to hear ye must talk louder, fer I'm deaf as an adder; been so nigh onto two years, or sich a matter.

Sen. (speaking loud) The pass word, sir. Quick, the pass.

Hal. Pass? Of course I want to pass. Why in blazes don't yer let me pass, an' not keep talkin' 'bout it?

Sen. You are either crazy or a fool.

Hal. A leetle louder, please.

Sen. (yelling) You—are—a—fool!

Hal. Do I think ye're a fool? Well, since ye've axed me, I'll jist say that I reckon none but a fool would stand here a stoppin' an' ask man like me, what never harmed nobody.

Sen. (loudly) Will you give me the pass or not, sir?

Hal. Never gin anything away in my life, not 'cause I'm stingy, but I hain't got it to give.

Max. (loud) What do you want, sir?

Hal. Want ter git in yer camp, sir, if nobody hain't got no serious objections. 'This feller hain't nary a manner 'bout him. Ef I could only get hold o' Ole Abe Lincoln's ear a minute, this feller'd be leart manners, or he'd git walkin' papers.

Max. (advancing) You didn't tell me what you want in our lines.

Hal. Wal, ye see, Captin', I hain't had nothin' to eat fer two days, or sich, an' I am almost done fer; an' since the secesh burnt down my house last week, an' stole what few pigs I had left, I've bin purty smartly used up. So as there was nothin' left but comin' into yer lines an' beggin' a bite o' hard-tack, or starvin' to death, why I jist thought I'd try yer a lift, anyhow, an' here I be.

Max. Well, come in, old man, we'll see what can be done for you. *(Hal goes to fire, sits down, and eats the hard-tack they give him)*

Win. By Jove, the old fellow can talk if he is deaf.

Max. You are somewhat deaf, sir?

Hal. A leetle louder, please.

Max. I say you are somewhat deaf!

Hal. Yes, Captin', my hearin's badly affected. I hain't altogether sartin', howsomever, as to what was the producin' cause o' my complaint, although I hev my ideas on the subject. Ye see, Captin', I was troubled a few year ago with a jint attack o' plurisy an' brown-creeters, which added to an occasional fit o' gripes in the stomach, throwed me off my pegs, an' I fell into a recline, as the doctor said. Arter undergoin' a deal o' sufferin', an' takin' a whole 'pothecary's shop o' drugs, the doctor's held a post mortum celebration, an' announced me to be in a very pitearions position. "Man's days is like the lilies of the field," said the leadin' doctor, "an' your row is nigh onter the home stretch." Bat ye see, as I

were terribly fooled that time, an' notwithstandin' all the efforts they put forth, natur' come out ahead, an' I got right up an' thought I war goin' ter get well sartin'. But ye see the three enemies o' man—the world, the flesh and the devil—or to call 'em by their 'propriate names—the pluriisy, the brown-creeters an' gripes in the stomach—begin to play strategy, as you sojer fellers call it, an' had only made a shift o' base, fer they all three took a bee line fer my head, an' begin sich a concentration of forces in my right ear that natur' couldn't stand the combined assault, an' the consequence war that the tin-pan-um, or drum o' the ear, busted, an' I am deaf as a ten year old adder. That's the how of it, Captain, though I can go into the particulars of the ease if you want me to.

Win. Don't ask him to for heaven's sake, Tom. What a pity he isn't dumb.

Hal. What did you observe, young man?

Win. (*loudly*) I say it's a pity you ain't dumb.

Hal. Yes, that's it. Through the drum, or the tin-pan-um, or suthin' o' that sort.

Max. Well, make yourself at home, old man; you're welcome.

Hal. Thankee, Captain, I'm doin' very well. Kind o' neat place ye got here, judging what a fellow can see with only one eye.

Win. I perceive you seem to be partially blind.

Hal. How did it happen? Well, I s'pose I might as well tell ye first as last. (*tells story*)

Win. Well, I can't see that you were to blame.

Hal. What's my name? Well, my name is Halibul Hazard, but some folks, either for want o' birth or manners, call me Ole Hal fer short. But tain't much matter what I'm ealled, jist so ye don't call me seecesh. I hain't nary a drop o' seecesh blood in me. I allers did hev a kind feelin' fer the flag, an' I say hurray fer the ole flag, an' hurray fer Ole Abe, through thick an' thin. Them's my sentiments.

Win. I trust you'll never hurrah for anything worse.

Hal. A good hoss? Well, I rather reckon ole sorrel is a good hoss; don't say he's han'some, an' never did, besides he ain't a hoss, he's a mare, which hain't neither fer nor agin' him, as I know on. When I was a younger chap by a dozen year, I took her down to the Charleston races, an' she took the rag clean off anything they had thereabouts. Throw'd dirt in the faces o' every critter thar.

Win. You mistake me, sir; I didn't make any allusion to your old cob at all.

Hal. Howell Cobb? Oh, yes, I knowed him, knowed him well. You're correct, young man, Cobb did delude us all 'bout this rebellion. He used to live down here in Georgia, an' a precious scamp he war, too.

Win. You think he was a scamp, eh?

Hal. Will I stop in camp? Much obliged to you, an' I'll be happy to stay here for a month ef you don't object. Whar can I lay down?

Win. I think you'd better clear out from here.

Hal. Anywhere about here? Well, that's amazin' kind. Think I'll turn in, Captain, as I've rid quite aways, an' am clean tuckered out. (*spreads blanket and lies down*)

Max. Well, what do you make out of him?

Win. Oh, he's only a simple-minded old fellow, and can't do any

HAL HAZARD.

harm, as I can see. Let him lie there if he wishes to. For my part, I shall follow suit.

Mar. Well, as I don't fancy sitting up alone, here goes.
(*lies down*)

Enter Bilger, Mack and Podkins, cautiously, R. 4 E.—Podkins seizes sentry while his back is turned, wrenches musket from him and levels revolver at him—Bilger stands over Maxwell with revolver—Mack covers Winters—Hazard lies in shadow behind Bilger unobserved.

Bilger. (loud voice) Wal, Yanks, I reckon ye're my prisoners.

Mar. (starting suddenly) That infernal old villian has betrayed us.

Hazard rises, fires revolver, Podkins falls, Mack runs off, springing behind Bilger, Hazard strikes him on head with clubbed revolver, Bilger falls senseless—all done very quickly.

Hal. A leetle louder, Captin', I'm hard o' hearin'.

TABLEAU—CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—A Wood.

Enter Nellie Clarendon and Aunt Mollie, L. 1 E.—Mollie carrying cane and basket.

Nellie. There, Aunt Mollie, give me the basket, you needn't go any further with me, I know it is late, and I have stayed away too long, but I have only to cross that field yonder, and then I'll be home.

Mollie. Tut, tut, child, you t'ink Aunt Mollie's agoin' to let a little lam'kin like you go frew dese woods an' fields all alone dis time o' night? No, no, honey, I'se goin' to see you inside yer own gate safe an' sound afore I lebe you, 'deed I is, chile.

Nellie. It's all foolishness, Auntie. Why, what could harm me? There are no wild beasts around here, and surely I need not fear meeting any of the soldiers this time of night.

Mollie. Dar's whar you's 'staken, chile, dar's whar you's 'staken. Dem sogers am dreful bad men; dey got no more manners 'bout 'em den my dog Moses. Dey am jus' as likely to be prowlin' aroun' in de night time as in de day time. Can't tell nuffin' 'bout it, honey, might run into a whole hornet's nest of 'em. What's eum o' Massa George?

Nellie. Alas, Aunt Mollie, I only wish I knew. He has been gone from home over a week, and I have no idea where. He goes and comes only in the night now, and never stays long. I wish he would stay at home altogether, or else take me with him, it is so lonesome for Aunt Margrave and I. But come, Aunt Mollie, if you are determined to go the rest of the way with me, let us be going, as it is getting late, and Aunt Margrave will be anxious about me.

(*walks towards R. 1 E.*)

Enter Bilger, R., meets Nellie at entrance.

Bilger. I beg your parding, Miss Clarendon, but I'm mighty glad to see yer; I hev'n't hed a blink of ye fur a'most two months, an' the sight on ye's good for sore eyes.

Nellie. You will oblige me by stepping out of my way, Captain Peter Bilger, and allow me to pass.

Bilger. Don't be so mighty anxious ter git out o' my sight, my little honey-suckle, I want ter talk to ye. What's this old hag fol-lerin' ye fur? Got anything in that basket worth confiscatin', eh!

(overhauls Mollie's basket)

Mollie. (resisting) Now you jist lookee hyar, Mr. Sogerman, keep your dirty fingers out o' dis basket. 'Tain't made fur no sich black paws like dem fur to go to clawin' it ober like dat. An' yer jes' git out o' de road and let Miss Nellie pass, or I'll tell Massa George on ye, an' den won't de har fly? Golly, I guess not! 'Twon't be Massa George's har, neither.

Bilger. That makes me think, Miss; whar is yer brother now?

Nellie. 'Tis well for you he isn't at home, or——

Bilger. Oh, he isn't at hum, eh? That's jist what I wanted. No trouble from him then. I've hed a rough time to-night, an' feel kinder banged up yet. Was out on a foraging expedition with my men, when we run into a camp of about two hundred Yankees. We surprised 'em, an' hed a terrible fight; I killed eighteen myself, an' wounded thirty-nine, an' we hed the rest prisoners in no time. But they was reinforced by nearly two thousand, an' arter a desperate struggle I got away. An' I hev't no time to fool away, talkin' love, nor such nonsense. I hev' allers thought a heap o' you, Miss Nellie, an' ye know it; now I'm goin' to prove my 'fection.

Nellie. Base wretch, what would you do? Allow me to pass this instant, or you'll rue this hour if you detain me a moment longer.

Bilger. Yer talk's ali very fine, Miss, an' I'm sorry I can't stay to hear more of it, but when yer once in my ole woman's cabin, a few miles back here, I'll listen to ye by the hour. We'll hev' to 'tend to the black wench first, though.

(whistles)

Enter Mack, R. 1 E.

Bilger. Here, sargeant, jist 'scort that colored lady back to her hut, you know whar it is, then meet me at the corners, I'll wait fur ye. Dig now.

Mack. Come along, my ole black bird, an' don't make so much fuss.

Mollie. (resisting violently) Keep off, Mister Sogerman. Keep off, or I'll scratch yer eyes out. I'se agoin' with Miss Nellie, I tell ye. Luff me be! Luff me be! Oh, lord, what'll come o' de poor lamb.

(Mack carries her off, L. 1 E.)

Bilger. An' now my purty pet, we'll go. Ef ye make resistance I'll hev' to do as the sargeant did with Ole Mollie, pick ye up and carry ye.

Nellie. (pleading) Oh, sir, have pity. Let me go, I pray you. You shall have reward, ample reward; but, oh! sir, do not, do not carry me away from my friends.

Bilger. Oh, yer shan't want fur friends. My ole woman'll be a mother to ye, an' after the war is over, the Yankees all cleaned out, we'll go to live in your house like princes. So come along, Nellie love. I'll treat ye like a born lady, if ye'll only behave yerself, and not kick up sich a devil of a row.

(attempts to drag her off)

Nellie. (struggling violently) Help! Help! George! George!

Oh, my brother George, where are you? Protect your sister. Help! Murder! Help!

Bilger. That's good. Keep it up, my little screecher. But you'll hev' ter tune up considerable higher if yo u want George to hear ye.

Enter George Clarendon, R. 1 E., knocks Bilger down and takes Nellie.

George. What in heaven's name is the meaning of all this! Speak, Nellie, my darling sister. Why these loud calls for help?

Nellie. Oh, George, thank heaven for your timely arrival. A few moments more and you would have been too late.

Geo. Too late! Too late for what?

Nellie. That wretch there was dragging me away. I know not where, only that I was being carried away.

Geo. Pete Bilger carry you away. I don't quite understand it, but we haven't the time now to explain. I have been looking for you everywhere. I have a surprise for you at the house. As for this dog—(*kicking Bilger, who lies motionless*)—I'll attend to his case some other time.

Nellie. Haven't you killed him, George?

Geo. Killed him? No such luck, Nellie; he's got a tough head, for that's the second rap I know of his getting to-night. He'll give this spot a wide berth as soon as we are out of sight. Though he does play 'possum well, I'll fix you yet, my brave Peter.

(exit, George and Nellie, R. 1 E.)

Bilger. (*cautiously raising his head and looking around*) Confound yer pieter. George Clarendon, ye spilt my game that time, when I could ha' sworn I hed treed my bird. So you'll fix me yet, will ye—me, Peter Bilger, C. S. A., captain of as brave a pack of fellers as ever sailed under the stars and bars. You'll fix me, will ye? Wa'l we'll see about that. We'll see who'll be fixed. Yer a traitor to the Confederacy, an' I'll hev' ye confiscated, that's what I'll do. Then we'll see who'll hev' yer sister. I swear I'll come out ahead yet, or my name ain't Peter Bilger. *(exit, L.)*

SCENE III.—*Drawing room in Clarendon Hall—elegantly furnished—lounge at L. of center—door against flat, on which lies Maxwell asleep.*

Enter George and Nellie, C. D.

Geo. Lightly, Nell, lightly. Let me see if our prisoner is awake. *(looks at Maxwell)*

Nellie. Our prisoner?

Geo. Yes, I'm made a captain. I can take a prisoner in war times, can't I?

Nellie. Who is he? And where did you find him?

Geo. One question at a time, please. But perhaps you'd better look at him, and then we'll talk of his disposal.

Nellie. (*cautiously looking at Maxwell*) Why, George Clarendon, it's Tom Maxwell!

Geo. Well, I knew that long ago.

Nellie. Why didn't you tell me?

Geo. Couldn't see possibly what interest such information could be to you?

Nellie. Oh, you tormenting fellow. But tell me how, when and where, did you find him? Oh, George, you should have told me this. Is he wounded?

Geo. (*counting on his fingers*) "How, when and where," and, "Is he wounded." That makes four questions, all important ones. Which will you have answered first?

Nellie. George Clarendon, you are just as provoking as you can be.

Geo. Oh, no, I'm not, sis; but I couldn't resist the temptation to tease you a little. All I know of Tom Maxwell's being here can be quickly told. I happened to be not far from here last night when a small body of Federal cavalry was fired into by an ambuscade of Rebels. I heard the firing as I came up the road, and paused on the spot to see what damage was done. One or two had been killed, and imagine my surprise when I found my old college chum, Maxwell, lying as if dead under his horse. I soon drew him out, and discovered that his horse had been shot under him, and he was merely stunned by the fall, as there wasn't a scratch to be found on his body. I picked him up and brought him here, and then went in search of you. There you have it all in a nut-shell—*multum in parvo*.

Nellie. Oh, you dear, dear brother. I'm so glad, so happy. Does Aunt Margrave know?

Geo. Indeed she does; but for her I don't know what I should have done with you tramping over the country, carrying currant jam to crippled darkies, and getting waylaid by valiant supporters of the Southern Confederacy.

Nellie. And this is the surprise you had for me? But why didn't you tell me of it last night, George?

Geo. That was my intention first, when I went in search of you, but when I found you in the situation I did, I came to the conclusion that you had had excitement enough for one night, and besides I wanted Tom to get a good night's rest, and knew full well he wouldn't if he saw you first.

Nellie. Thank you, but I must beg to disagree with you. I think he would have rested better.

Geo. Well, perhaps he would, but you had better retire now, Nell, and leave him with me. I think he will soon awake.

Nellie. If you say so I suppose I must, but be sure and tell me, George, as soon as I can see him. (*going*)

Geo. Yes I will, though I really don't think he'll remember you.

Nellie. Indeed! Well, that remains to be seen. But I'll go.

(*exit, C. D.*)

Geo. (*at Maxwell's head*) And this is really my old college chum, Tom Maxwell. Three years since I have seen him, and then at commencement at Old Yale, when father and Nellie came north to see me graduate. Ah, Tom, old boy, this cruel war works miracles. You little know under whose roof you are sleeping so calmly. But the fellow is about to awake. I'll sit here and await developments. (*sits with back partially to Maxwell*)

Max. (*awaking, rather bewildered*) We were attacked. Yes, I remember that. We started immediately for our lines. Were surprised by an ambuscade. My horse fell, and I with him; I remember that—but after, all is blank. Am I wounded? I surely feel sore and stiff. But where am I? In whose tent? Tent! I'm in no tent, I am lying on a lounge in an elegantly furnished room. I

must be dreaming. This can't be real. (*seeing George*) Ah! I'm not alone, somebody is sitting there. I'll speak to him, and have this mystery explained. (*to George*) I beg your pardon, sir.

Geo. (*assuming gruff voice*) Well, what for?

Max. Will you have the kindness to tell me where I am?

Geo. You're in Dixie.

Max. So I presumed. But under whose roof?

Geo. Under mine.

Max. Thank you.

Geo. You're entirely welcome, sir.

Max. (*aside*) Well, the fellow is cool at any rate. (*to George*) May I ask how long I have been here, sir?

Geo. You may, sir.

Max. Well?

Geo. Well?

Max. Well, sir, how long have I been here?

Geo. Ever since you came in, sir.

Max. Thank you.

Geo. Not at all, sir.

Max. I perceive you are determined not to enlighten me, but I'm very comfortable, and can afford to await your pleasure.

Geo. You're decidedly cool.

Max. It's contagious, sir.

Geo. What do you infer by that, Tom Maxwell?

Max. (*starting*) You know me?

Geo. (*advancing*) Yes, Tom, old boy, and I hope you haven't forgotten me.

Max. (*springing to his feet*) George Clarendon as I'm a sinner!

Geo. None other, Tom, that's a fact.

Max. Well, this is a surprise, and a glorious one, too. But explain the mystery, Clar—— Oh, lord! my back. Tell me, am I wounded? (*sinking on lounge*)

Geo. I thought you were rather lively for a fellow who had been wrestling with a twelve hundred pound horse.

Max. Did my horse fall on me?

Geo. I conclude so. At any rate I found you lying under him, about a mile below the house. You were surprised by a body of rebels. Your men escaped, I think; and that's the story as far as I can learn.

Max. Yes, I can remember now. We were encamped, and surprised, but got the best of our enemy. Took to saddle immediately after, and started for our lines with two prisoners. Were fired into shortly after, and that is all I remember, as my horse must have been shot by the first volley. I wonder what become of the deaf old fellow who did us good service in our first skirmish. He was with us afterwards.

Geo. Taken prisoner, probably, or possibly escaped with the rest.

Max. I hope the latter. He did us a good turn, and I won't forget it. And this is your house, did you say, Clar?

Geo. Yes, I said so, Max.

Max. Then where is Nellie—I mean your sister, Miss Clarendon?

Geo. Not far away, I'll be bound. But, Tom, I am exceedingly sorry to say that business of a very important nature requires my immediate attention, and I will be compelled to leave you for a short time. I will see you again as soon as possible. In the mean-

time, make yourself perfectly at home. You are not wounded, only stiffened up a little by your fall. Be a little careful for a short time and you're all right. I'll send Nellie to you directly, and between her and Aunt Margrave you'll be well cared for. Don't exert yourself too much, my boy, and you will soon be on your pins again.

Max. I'll risk that, *Clar.* But I'm sorry you must leave just as we've met.

Geo. So am I, Tom, deneedly sorry, but business is business, you know. It'll not be for long, so good bye.

(shakes hands and exits, C. D.)

Max. And this, after all, is the way I visit my Southern friends. It is truly an unlooked for pleasure—a happy coincidence. But how will Nellie receive me? I haven't seen her for over three years, then at the north, before this war. How will she receive me now? Me, a soldier of the hated Yankee army. Perhaps she has yet some lingering love for the old flag—something that would induce her to look with favor on a friend, though he comes as an enemy of her deluded brethren, and wearing the blue of the Union service.

Nellie. (without) Then I think that will do, even for Tom.

Max. By Jove! that's her voice, and she's coming this way. I'm asleep till further notice. *(lies down)*

Enter Nellie, C. D., boquet in her hand.

Nellie. (approachiny lounge, cautiously) Why, I thought George said he was **awake**.

Max. And so I am, Miss Clarendon.

Nellie. (taking his hand) Why, Mr. Maxwell, how dare you come to visit us so unceremoniously? Didn't give us a moment's warning to make preparation. Didn't even send your card.

Max. I came, Miss Clarendon, I presumed, because I couldn't help it.

Nellie. Fie on you. Aren't you ashamed of yourself to say you only visited us on compulsion. If you don't show better manners I think we'll put you on another horse and send you along. But come, we mustn't quarrel so soon. I've picked a boquet for you—wasn't that kind in me? Only think of it. Welcome the invaders of the sacred soil with flowers instead of hospitable graves! What would Jeff Davis say to that, I wonder?

Max. (taking boquet) Many thanks. They look as beautiful and fresh as do the cheeks of the giver.

Nellie. No compliments, please, from a sick person.

Max. I'm afraid you're not loyal to the Confederacy, Miss Nellie, judging from your actions.

Nellie. Do you suppose I am loyal at all? You do not know me, Tom Maxwell.

Max. (eagerly) You then love the Old Union, and do not hate me because I fight for it?

Nellie. (with emotion) Oh, we long for the halcyon days of peace under the beneficent government of our ancestors. There's many weary hearts all over the South, who sigh and pray for a restitution of the old Union in the glory and strength of its palmy days. I believe in the justice of God, and that truth and right will ultimately triumph, though reached only through seas of blood and tears. Hate you for fighting for the Old Union, Tom? There's not a soldier in Sherman's army that I do not honor and revere. Thank God that there are so many heroes in blue, who are ready with

strong arms and stout hearts, to bear aloft the starry flag on their bayonets to victory.

Max. Nobly said! Why I declare, Nellie, you ought to go to Congress. Does George cherish the same feeling?

Nellie. The same, only more intense; but from necessity less outspoken than I; though of late he speaks his mind more freely.

Max. Is he in the Confederate army?

Nellie. No, thank heaven, not so bad as that. Yet Governor Brown was an intimate friend of my father, before the latter's death, which occurred about two years ago. Through respect for his memory the Governor shielded us from many of the terrors and hardships that others have undergone. Sometime ago the Governor made a wholesale conscription for the defense of Atlanta. To avoid impressment, George fled to the mountains, whence he made his way to the Union army. He has visited me several times, secretly, since, and says he is furnishing valuable information at times to General Sherman. How he comes and goes I cannot tell, but his escapes thus far have been wonderful. He only arrived last night about the time of your accident at the grove. He has gone away again, where, I cannot tell. He says it is best that I should be kept ignorant of his movements for a time.

Max. I am rejoiced to hear what you say, Nellie. I feared lest the delightful friendship we formed at New Haven four years ago, might be broken by these unhappy events between the North and the South.

Nellie. Say rather between rebels and the Government. Our friendship will not be marred by such matters, especially since we agree so well, you see.

Max. Heaven forbid that it should, for to me it has been very precious.

Nellie. Perhaps mutually so.

Max. (*taking her hand*) Will you always think as much of me as now?

Nellie. I never desert my friends—especially those I—

A rap at C. D. Enter Mrs. Margrave with tray, coffee, toast, etc.

Nellie. My aunt, Mrs. Margrave, Captain Maxwell. (*they salute*

Mrs. M. (*putting tray on table, near lounge*) This is the best we can offer, but it's your own fault, captain.

Max. My own fault, madam, I do not exactly comprehend you.

Mrs. M. We haven't the luxuries, on account of the blockade Uncle Abraham has set up, you know. So when our Northern friends give us a call, they must take what they can get.

Max. If all the Northern soldiers were treated like this, I'm of the opinion there would be no need of a draft.

Enter Bilger and Mack, C. D.

Bilger. Ha, ha! Lucky, by thunder. Jist in time to git our coffee, sergeant. Well, if here ain't a purty mess. Only to think on it, Miss Clarendon a sarvin' out rations to a Yankee sojer! Ef that hain't a givin' aid and comfort to the enemy, then I don't know what e-u-m-f-o-r-t spells.

Nellie. By what authority do you, an officer in the Confederate army, enter this house?

Bilger. By gineral orders, mum. We has orders to foller the enemy wherever we can find 'em, ye know!

Nellie. This gentleman is a friend, seriously injured, and you will oblige me, sir, by leaving the house instantly.

Bilger. I don't know that, mum, fur 'tain't the fust time you 'uns has show'd yer want o' manners by axin' a gentleman to cl'ar out. But ye see I happens ter hev' a leetle business here this time, which we must 'tend to fust, an' then we'll talk about goin'. Ye'll oblige me, mum, by producin' yer brother George, fur he's the chap we wants mainly.

Nellie. My brother, unfortunately, is not here, or you would not intrude thus.

Bilger. Wal, if ye s'pose thet ere's goin' to be swallowed by us yer mistaken, that's all. We hain't fooled so easy; Mr. George is hyar. Hain't I got particular good reason ter believe that I seed him last night. We've watched the house, an' he hain't got away—it stands ter reason that he's hyar yet. So if yer don't want us ter s'arch the premises, he'll hev' ter be produced mighty sudden.

Max. You disgrace the service, sir, by such language to unprotected ladies. You would not dare to search the house without proper authority from your superiors. If you have such orders please produce them.

Bilger. Who said anything ter you, I'd like ter know. The less chin music you put in the better, or maybe you'll git yer deserts suddenter nor ye think of. Them's my warrant fur a s'arch. (*draws two horse pistols from his belt, levels one at Nellie*) Now, Miss Spunky, produce yer brother or ye'll git yer brains spilt on the carpet sudden!

Max. (*draws revolver, points at Bilger*) Lower that weapon, sir.

Bilger. (*lowering pistol and backing slowly toward door*) Look'ee hyar, Yank, don't pint thet revolver at a feller in thet style. The blamed thing might go off.

Mack. Shall we bag him, Cap? Only jist say the word an' we'll fetch him.

Max. Make a single move towards me and your captain's a dead man.

Bilger. (*still backing towards door*) No, no, Sargeant Mack, don't do anything rash. (*falls back over a stool*) Thar, thar! I knowed you'd shoot me, an innocent individual, if ye didn't pint that pistol down. Good lord! what'll the old woman do now? Oh, I'm on the pint o' death, sartin'!

Mack. Nobody's fired yet, cap'in. Yer all hunk. Only tumbled over that stool thar.

Bilger. (*getting up*) Ain't shot yit, eh? Wal, thank the Lord fur thet. I thought a brave soldier hed gone ter kingdom cum' thet time, sure. (*goes through C. D., followed by Mack, out of range of Maxwell's revolver*) Now ye can go in, Sargeant Mack, arrest the Yank. Your superior officer commands ye ter arrest him in the name of the Southern Confederacy.

Mack. I don't go whar the cap'in's afeer'd to. But I'll go snooks an' jine in a jint attack, if ye say so.

Nell. (*advancing*) I desire no blood shed in this house. God knows we have enough of it without. Tell me what you desire in order to make you willing to leave.

Bilger. We want's George, mum, yer traitor brother, George; jist gin him up an' we'll clar out suddint.

Nell. My brother George, sir, is not at home, as I told you at first.

Enter Podkins hastily, C. D.

Podkins. Hi, cap'in! I've jist seen George Clarendon, er somebody what looked like his pictur. He run across the lots back thar an' took an' air line fur the road towards Biggs' Holler. He war a runnin' like a race hoss, an' I thought I'd cum an' tell ye, since I knowed you war on the hunt arter him.

Bilger. Yer a brick, ye are, corporal, an' if we eatch the scamp ye shall hev enough applejack an' knock-em-stiff ter make yer as drunk as a commissary's clerk. (*calling off*) Git inter yer saddles, boys, an' we'll hev sum fun directly. (*to Mack*) Sergeant Mack, you and Corporal Podkins stop hyar, an' don't let either the Yank nor the gal git away, or ye'll kotch Hail Columbia—no I don't mean thet. Wal, never mind. I'm off. (*exit, C. D.*)

Mack. Wal, Yank, ye hears what the cap'in says, you'ens ar' our prisoners, and we'uns is left to guard ye. 'Taint no use o' yer tryin' ter git away, cause we'uns are as sly as spring hawks.

Max. Very well. The guards generally take up their position in front of the house they have in charge, at least on the outside of it.

Mack. All hunk, Yank. We won't quarrel 'bout that. But don't yer try to git away, er you'll fare wuss. Come, corporal, let's go out on the porch. 'Tain't perlite to stop in hyar.

(*exit, Mack and Podkins, C. D.*)

Max. Well, Nellie, I have been the cause of considerable trouble havn't I? Your house is surrounded and you are a prisoner of war.

Nell. The situation is not so desperate after all, nor is a prison such a gloomy place, when one can choose his own company.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE—A Wood.

Hal. (*without*) Whoa, Sorrel! I guess its purty nigh time to hash up, I feel rather empty eny how. Whoa! Now, ole hoss, you jist stan' right thar' an' nibble up yer dinner, while I jump over the fence hyer an' eat mine.

Enter Hal. Hazard, R. I. E., sits down, opens haversack.

Hal. Wal, now, this is what I call solid comfort. A haversack full o' rations, an' plenty o' time to eat yer dinner. (*looks off*) Hello! somebody's comin' down the road like ge hew! What be they, grey coats er blue. Grey, by thunder—then hyar's another supporter of Jefferson Davis, Esq.

Bilger. (*without*) Halt! Hello, over thar! D'ye see anything of anybody runnin' down the road just now?

Hal. Hurrah, fur Jeff Davis, an' death ter the Yankees, them's my sentiments.

Bil. Yer sentiments is all right, but I say, ye didn't see nothin' of a young feller runnin' down the road, did ye?

Hal. Hurray fur the Southern Confederacy, an' darn the feller what wouldn't hurray fur it. Them's my poleticks.

Bil. (*without*) Here, Miles, hold my loss! I'll see what the devil's the matter with thet ole cuss.

Enter Peter Bilger, R. 1. E.

Bil. See hyar ole feller! Hain't ye got nary ears and eyes in yer head?

Hal. Wal, I hev' one eye left, but its damaged some, as ye can see; an' as fur ears, they is wusser damaged nor the eye. 'Tiu-pan-um o' one clean busted. Tain't worth a pint o' tanglefoot. What's my name? Don't know me, hey? Wal my name is Halibul Hazard, though folks call me Hal what's short o'breath or manners—

Bil. Blast folks with short breath, which don't include yourself, I'm thinkin', fer yer longer winded ner a stump speaker. Hev ye seed a young man a runnin' this way?

Hal. Yes, 'tis a purty fine day. This sort o' weathers easy on my rheumatics, an'—

Bil. Confound yer rheumatics! I don't keer nuthin' fur 'em. Did ye cum by the Holler?

Hal. Kin I holler? Course I kin. Yer don't s'pose cause I'm deaf an' blind, I'm dumb, too! See hyar, how duz this suit ye?

Bil. Good Lord! Thet's wuss nor a parrott shrill, an' I really believe it's louder.

Hal. Louder, eh? Hard to please, ain't ye? (*yells louder*)

Bil. Git out, ye ole fool! I don't want ye to yell. I axed ye if ye cum by Bigg's Holler?

Hal. Wal, 'twas a purty big holler, thet's a fact, but I can do better.

Bil. See hyar, ole feller, whar do you live?

Hal. True's I live? Yes, true's I live, I ain't foolin'.

Bil. (*aloud*) Whar do you live?

Hal. Live nigh Decatur.

Bil. Which way be you goin'?

Hal. Straight ahead, I reckon.

Bil. Wal then, whar is ye goin'?

Hal. Wherever this road leads to, ef ye kin tell that.

Bil. (*angrily*) Now jist ye lookie hyar, old porpuss, if ye be deaf an nigh unto blind, it don't foller ye can fool us a bit. Now ef ye don't answer my questions right along, we'll hang yer old carcuss up to the fust tree we cum to. Now talk.

Hal. Ef ye'll speak loud, so I kin hear, I'll try to answer.

Bil. Did ye cum through Bigg's Holler?

Hal. A leetle louder, ef ye please.

Bil. (*loud*) Did ye cum through Bigg's Holler?

Hal. Yes, I cum through Bigg's Holler.

Bil. Do yo know George Clarendon if ye'd see him.

Hal. Think I should.

Bil. Hav ye seen him to-day?

Hal. Yes.

Bil. When?

Hal. Half an hour ago, or sich.

Bil. The devil! Whar'?

Hal. No I didn't see nothin' ov the devil.

Bil. Whar did ye see George Clarendon?

Hal. 'Tother side ov the Holler.

Bil. Was he on foot?

Hal. He war a ridin' a hoss like geehew bent fur 'lection.

Bil. Did he speak to ye?

Hal. In course he did.

Bil. What did he say?

Hal. He sed: "How are you, Ole Beeswax." An' I tole' him I reckon he did'nt know me, fur my name was Halibut Hazard, called fur short Hal. by folks what hain't got no breath nor—

Bil. Thar, stop. Never mind them folks. We'll be goin'. We've lost too much time already, an' if I don't kill that traitor, why hang me up for a teetotaler, that's all. *(exit R. 1 E.)*

Hal. Bully fur you, cap. Hurray fur Jeff Davis! that's what I say. *(watching them off)* Wal, Peter, my brave capting, I'm afeer'd ye'll hav' to hang, but it'll never be fur a teetotaler. Now fur a flank movement to help the Yankee capting, eum hyar, Sorrel!

(exit, R. 1 E.)

SCENE II.—A Corridor—Mack and Podkins discovered lying down with muskets, etc., handy.

Mack. *(yawning and stretching)* Blast the cap'n! Ain't he never going ter cum back. Hyar we've been a settin' an' a settin', till I am confounded tired o' settin'. Settin's about played out, I'm thinkin'.

Pod. Wonder if thar ain't suthin' to drink 'bout the premises. S'posin' I goes and snooks 'round a leetle?

Mack. Do it, Bill, I'm as dry as a last year's herrin'. Jest scoot round to the kitchen. *(exit Podkins, L. 1 E.)* Perty business this hyar, leavin' me an' Bill to watch a crippled Yankee an' a gal, while the rest on 'em go off on a raid arter a chap what can do sum fitin', don't like it fur my part.

Enter Podkins with bottle, L. 1 E.

Pod. How's that, Sergeant?

(drink)

Mack. You're a brick, Podkins. Pass the critter round. *(drink)* That's prime stuff. We can wait now jist as long as the captin' wants ter stay; eh, Bill? I say, old Juicer, let's have a game o' enchre. I've got the pictur' books. *(shows cards)*

Pod. 'Greed, only I hain't nuthin' left fur a ante.

Mack. Wal, as fur thet, I'm played out too.

Pod. Tell ye what let's do; let's play fur the rest o' the apple-jack what's left in the bottle. 'The feller what rakes the pile drinks the whole lot.

Mack. Ha, ha, thet's the talk. Yer allers was a man o' devices, Podkins.

Pod. Yer cut an' my deal, Sergeant.

Mack. No, by thunder, yer cut an' my deal.

Pod. Wal, go ahead. Yer my s'perior officer, an' I s'pose I must give in.

Mack. Clubs is trumps.

Pod. Blast it, I hev' nary a stick, let alone a club.

Mack. Queer! I hain't got nothin' else.

(shows hand)

Pod. I'll give up. Drink yer applejack—but I think it's a put up job.

Mack. (*taking bottle*) Wal, Corporal Podkins, hyar's luck to ye, an' may ye live ter be a Ginerál—

Hal. (*without*) Whoa, Sorrel. Confound ye. Whoa! Ain't ye goin' ter stop?

Mack. (*hastily putting down bottle and taking up a musket*) Who's thet? Can't be the Cap'in. (*exit, R.*)

Pod. (*taking up bottle*) Capting or not out yonder, I say applejack in hyar. (*drinks all*)

Enter Mack, R.

Mack. Only an old codger gettin' off his hoss down by the gate. An' now I'll finish the whisky. (*takes up bottle*) As I was sayin', Corp'ral, may ye live ter be a General, and choke the feller what digs yer grave. (*turns up bottle—angrily*) See hyar, Podkins, whar's t' e licker gone ter?

Pod. Can't tell, Sergeant. More'n likely it hev' evaporated while we was playin' keerds.

Hal. (*without*) Hello! up thar! What's you two fellers doin', what ought ter be fightin' fur yer country?

Enter Hal Hazard, R. 1 E.

Mack. None o' yer business.

Hal. Business? Who sed anything 'bout business. My name is Halibut Hazard, called fur short Ole Hal, by them what is short o' breath er manners. Had an attack neuterology, an' plurisy, an' gripes in the stomick, settled in my ear, an bust the tin-pan-um. Been playin' keerds, hey? Kin ye play euchre, old sledge, seven-up er poker? Can't, eh? Then yer edication has been somewhat neglected.

Mack. Who be you, anyway! And what do yer want?

Hal. Want me to leave ye, eh? Do it in a minnte. Give me the paste-board. (*sits down*)

Mack. Ye'd better wait till yer axed to play, I'm thinkin'.

Hal. Been drinkin'? Wal, it does look a little that way. Any left? (*trys bottle*) Not a drop. (*draws out a long bottle from his pocket—drinks*) Talk about yer applejack—thet's the stuff. Prime Ole Bourbon. Ten years old. (*drinks*)

Mack. (*reaching for bottle*) Pass her around, boss.

Hal. Ye'd better wait till yer axed, hedn't ye? But hyar, take a difter, only remember there's a bottom to the jug.

(*passes bottle and all drink*)

Mack. By thunder, thet is prime stuff. Whar d'ye dig it up, ole hoss?

Hal. J. Davis, Esq., made me a present of a barrel. Drink welcome, yer hearty. Now I'll learn ye how to handle the keerds.

(*plays cards and drinks*)

Pod. (*rolling over drunk*) Spades is trumps.

Mack. One more swaller. (*drinks*) I think yer plays purty well fur an—(*hic*)—ole man. But I kin skunk yer—(*hic*)—when whisky's trumps. (*rolls over drunk*)

Hal. (*getting up, pocketing cards*) Wal, if I don't mistake them chaps is done fur. Now fur their effects. (*searching them*) Two carbines, lots of powder and ball, two sabers and a pair o' pistols.

Cheap enough fur a quart o' poor whisky an' a leetle morphine. Now to deposite the remains, and then fur the captin'.

(drags bodies off L.

SCÈNE III.—Drawing room in Clarendon Hall. Maxwell discovered seated in large arm chair. Nellie also seated with needlework.

Max. Well, Nellie, how do you like being a prisoner in your own house?

Nell. It isn't so very uncomfortable, is it?

Max. Indeed I don't find it so.

Nell. But Captain Peter Bilger is acting shamefully, and shall be made to pay for it.

Max. Do you think he will catch George?

Nell. No indeed. Though I don't know how George manages to elude them every time. He had altogether too much of a start for them to overtake him.

Hal. Hazard appears at C. D.

Hal. Beg yer parding, Captin', but can I come in?

Max. Certainly you may. What on earth are you doing here? I beg your pardon, Nellie, but this is only Old Hal Hazard, the old man I told you about, who saved myself and Lieutenant Winters from falling into the hands of the rebels.

Nell. He's very welcome, I'm sure. *(to Hal)* Won't you walk in and set down?

Hal. Thankee, marm, but I hain't got much time ter spare. I cum ter give yer a lift, Captin', if its in my line.

Max. Kind of you. But how can you aid me?

Hal. I know I hain't nigh so stout as I war onet, but I hain't entirely wo'thless yet.

Max. How came you here, Hal?

Hal. I cum back last night arter the fight, ter see what hed cum o' ye, an' I thought from what a nigger tole me, ye war in hyar. Does ye think yer safe hyar?

Max. Why yes, for the present.

Hal. A mighty short present, I'm afeered. I jest met a lot o' cavalry fellers down the road, an' if they can catch George Clarendon, why they'll be back hyar in mighty short order fur yer, an' then yer goose is cooked, sure, fur ye'll be sent down ter Andersonville or Macon; which am jist the same as goin' to yer grave.

Max. What can I do, Hal; I'm not very strong yet?

Hal. Be ye much hurt?

Max. No. My shoulder is bruised, and I have been badly shocked by the fall from my horse, that's all.

Hal. Yer must be moved right away, an' hid somewhar', or ye'll be took sure as shootin'.

Max. There is great danger, I'll admit. But when can I go?

Hal. Jest consent ter go an' I'll find a plan very soon.

Max. I must speak to my kind protectors first, and ask their opinion. What do you think of this, Nellie?

Nell. You will pardon my apparent want of hospitality, Captain Maxwell, when I say that my aunt and I have been talking the matter over, and had arrived at the same conclusion, that you must be removed at once. While here, you are liable to arrest at any

moment, in fact are under arrest now, and I shudder to think of your fate if sent to Andersonville to die of exposure and hunger, as I am assured hundreds of unfortunate men are doing every week. You will pardon my speaking thus, but we mean it only for your own welfare.

Max. I see it all just as you do, Miss Nellie, and am confident that I ought to endeavor to regain the Union lines immediately. They are not more than ten miles distant, if so far; but pardon me for saying that the prospect of enjoying your society for a while, made me absolutely forget the danger I incurred.

Nell. If we can manage to conceal you for a day or so about here, by that time you can mount a horse; and with the aid of this old man and a servant whom I shall furnish, you can no doubt regain your regiment.

Max. Thank you, Nellie, for offering such a plan, which would be very agreeable to me, but delay is certainly dangerous. I am convinced that I should make the attempt immediately. The Rebel Cavalry will soon return, and I must not be found here. But how about the guards on the veranda?

Hal. Sound asleep, Capting; I fixed 'em. They're both dreamin' o' their grannys by this time.

Max. Let us prepare to quit these premises at once then.

Hal. That's the talk, Capting. I'll go and fetch the horses. Will be back in five minutes, Capting. (exii, C. D.)

Max. So, Nellie, you are really anxious that I should get away safely, are you?

Nell. Why not, pray? Are you not a very dear friend of my brother's? Why shouldn't we fear for the safety of those we esteem? I am only too sorry you can't stay longer.

Max. You would like me then to stay, Nellie?

Nell. Under other circumstances, yes; at present, no.

Max. If I come then under more favorable auspices, I may stay as long as I please, may I?

Nell. Yes indeed. We should never drive you away, I think.

Max. (*taking her hand*) Suppose that I should return some day. Nellie, and should make you a visit, and when I was on the point of leaving I should say: Nellie, my northern home is not half so pleasant as if you shared it with me; I, to please you, have come a little nearer the sun, won't you go a little farther from it to please me? If I should say this what would be your answer?

Nell. The only way you can ascertain is to try.

Max. Then I will not postpone it another minute. I have loved you for years, darling Nellie—ever since the momentary vision of your beauty burst upon me at New Haven. My heart has yearned for you. I bestow upon you the whole treasure of my poor and devoted love. Will you give me yours in return?

Nell. I have none to give. I bestowed my love on one long ago.

Max. And then I am deceived. All my bright hopes for the future are blasted. (*eagerly*) Oh, Nellie, dearest, is there no hope? Am I indeed too late? At least tell me who is the fortunate man who has robbed me of you?

Nell. He is an officer in the Union army.

Max. With Sherman's army? Is the man to whom you have given your love an officer in Sherman's army?

Nell. Yes.

Max. (*eagerly*) What is his rank?

Nell. A captain, he told me.

Max. Only one more question, Nellie. His name?

Nell. His name is Captain——

Enter Hal Hazard, C. D.

Hal. Everything is all ready, Captaining.

Max. (impatiently) I wish you and everything else was at the bottom of the sea. But go, Hal, I'll be with you in a moment.

Hal. No time to lose, Captaining. We'd better be off sudden. But I'll wait fur ye. (going)

Enter Bilger, C. D., revolver in hand.

Bil. I guess ye'd better wait fur him, ole goose-grease, fur I want ye. Yer both my prisoners.

Max. (drawing revolver) But we don't surrender, sir, to you nor any other man.

Bil. Big talk, Yank; but tain't no kinder use this time. The house is completely surrounded by my men.

Enter Lieutenant Winters, C. D.

Win. Yes, you're right, Captain, but my men are on the outside of them.

Max. What, Charlie Winters!

Win. The same, Captain.

Bil. Wal, if I'm trapped somebody's blowed, that's all. What's yer terms?

Win. Unconditional surrender!

TABLEAU—END OF ACT II

ACT III.

SCENE—A Wood.

Enter Arthur Mason, cautiously, R. 1 E.

Mason. He ought to have been here before this. *(looking at watch)* It's nearly one o'clock, and the time was half past twelve. Can it be that he has been here and gone? Hal is always punctual. *(whistle heard without)* Ah, that's the sound. *(answers whistle)*

Enter Hal Hazard, L. 1 E.

Mas. Ever true to the cause, Hal. We must talk fast, for I've stayed too long already.

Hal. Anything new, my boy?

Mas. Yes, yes; more than I have time to tell. I must be at headquarters in half an hour. *(hands Hal a folded paper)* This will explain all that is necessary to know. It is an exact copy of the despatch received this morning from Johnston. You know the key which I have already given you. Every a is b, b is c, and so on through the alphabet. We shall soon change positions, and if you wish to see me be at Dorlett's Corners day after to-morrow night, at

twelve o'clock. I shall be there. Good-bye.

(shake hands and exit R. 1 E.

Hal. A small boss is soon curried, a short story is soon told. Sherman must see this—and then for home. (exit, R. 1 E.

SCENE II.—Sherman's Headquarters. Table C., maps and war charts spread upon it. Generals Sherman, Stoneman and Gerrard discovered seated, examining maps. Sentry pacing at back.

Sherman. Johnston must cross the river. He can't help himself.

Stoneman. I think he'll fight us first. If ever he means to fight here's just the place.

Gerrard. We can turn them again.

Sher. Of course. I'll flank him clear to Pensacola if he wants me to. The move in progress now will start him. I think, Gerrard that you had better make a heavy reconnoissance to the left with your cavalry, and ascertain the exact condition of the upper fords, and the probable opposition that will be made to our crossing. The country is new to us. I wish my old scout was here, for he knows every foot of the country hereabouts. Have you seen him, Stoneman?

Stone. Whom do you mean, General?

Sher. Old Hal Hazard is the name he goes by. He lives hereabouts somewhere. He first came into our lines when Grant was here, just before the taking of Mission Ridge. By some means he won Grant's confidence, and he recommended him to Thomas, who brought him to me. He has proved an invaluable aid in many respects.

Ger. I have heard of him, I think; but really I never dreamt of his being anything but a garrulous old codger hanging around after the whisky and hardtack.

Sher. Ha, ha! Well that's good. (looks off) But I believe the fellow is here now. Sentry, if that's my old friend Hazard, admit him without delay.

Enter Hazard, hat in hand.

Hal. (handing paper) This despatch, General, came into my possession an hour ago. I have hastened to place it at your disposal.

Sher. (glancing over note) If you can decipher it, Hal, all well enough, but for my part its Hebrew to me. What does it mean?

Hal. (taking paper) I cannot tell exactly, sir, but give me a pencil and paper, and in a moment you shall have it in English.

(writes, hands translation to Sherman)

Sher. (reads) "July 3, 1864. Gen. Cheatham—Be ready to withdraw, at a moment's notice, across the river. If Sherman flanks I retreat. JOHNSTON."

That is intelligible and to the point. Valuable news, though not really unexpected. I think we shall act upon it. Hold yourself and command in readiness to move at short notice, General.

Ger. I will, sir.

Sher. (to Hal) Sir, you have rendered your country valuable service, for which it will some day repay you. Accept my thanks for this very important communication. (they greet

SCENE III.—Drawing room at Clarendon Hall—Nellie Clarendon discovered seated by a table on which burns a lamp.

Nellie. A whole week has passed since Captain Maxwell made his escape. How fortunate it was that Lieutenant Winters happened along here just as he did, and hunting after his captain, too. And George has been away ever since the morning after Tom was found. I wish he would come, I am getting dreadfully lonesome. But thanks to Lieutenant Winters, Peter Bilger will not trouble me any more.

Enter Bilger, C. D., cautiously.

Bil. Beg yer parding, mum, but didn't ye speak my name?

Nellie. (starting suddenly) Peter Bilger! You here?

Bil. 'Deed I be, Miss Nellie, an' am glad to find ye war a thinkin' about me. But ye ain't over perlite, I should say, pervidin' I know what perliteness means. Why don't yer ax me ter take a chair? But I'll take one anyhow, so it's all right.

Nellie. I thought you were a prisoner.

Bil. Wal, so I war, an' no doubt you'd feel a leetle more comfortable if I war one now. But, howsomever I ain't, an' that settles it. We war met on the road by a detachment of our cavalry, an' they soon put the Yanks to their heels.

Nellie. (anxiously) Were there any killed?

Bil. Yes, heaps on 'em. But your confounded captin' got away—I'll fix him yet, though. Now to business. I hain't time fur no more nonsense. I hev' axed yer to be my wife a dozen times, Miss Clarendon, an' ye allers shet me up in some mean way. Now I hev come to wind up the bobbin. I hain't goin' ter palaver an' coax, an' fool away any time, fur there's no use. So if ye'll take my advice ye'll jist pack up yer traps an' cum right along without any screechin' at all, or any big fuss, fur if ye don't choose to go in that way we'll take ye off anyhow. I hev' allers loved ye, an' will make ye a good husband, an' ye might go a blamed sight funder an' fare wuss. Now what say ye—willin' or unwillin'?

Nellie. Wretch! Cowardly wretch! I will not listen to such insults. I bid you leave the house instantly, sir.

Bil. Wal, then, Miss Clarendon, ye must hev' yer pride tuck down a peg. Ef ye thinks yer to good fur me yer mistaken, an' it's a insult ter me, too. I am a captin' in the army of the Confederacy, an' it am a station of the highest honor.

Nellie. Show then that you do not disgrace your position, by retiring at once.

Bil. Ye can't be accommodated any sich way, fur ye can't toss this dog over the fence by any sich move. You are a traitor to yer country, as ye knows, an' ye'll be put in prison, an' let stay thar till ye dies, fur harborin' Yankee soldiers. An' if ye don't want to be put in prison, there's only one way to git el'ar on it, an' that is ter consent to marry me an' be a dootiful wife like yer ought ter.

Nellie. I prefer arrest, imprisonment, and a thousand deaths! You are the traitor, sir! A traitor to the best government in the world. A supporter now of a Confederacy which would erect its proportions upon human slavery, orphan's tears and widow's sighs. Sooner than be the wife of such a villian I would choose the most gnominous death.

Bil. See hyar, mum, yer gettin' altogether too personal in yer remarks. Them terms yer usin' so freely don't go down at all. I hain't used ter bein' called a traitor an' a villin'.

Nellie. You have not heard the truth then, I imagine.

Bil. But all this chin music is a waste of precious time. Will ye cum, or won't ye?

Nellie. Sir, if you don't instantly leave this house I shall ring for assistance. (takes bell)

Bil. Wal, thet's purty rich. I reckon ye'd hev' to shake the clapper out of a good many bells the size o' that. Why, d'ye think I'm sich a fool as ter try ter take you away with the niggers all running loose. No, thet ain't Peter Bilger's style. The "assistance," as ye call it, is all gagged and locked in the barn. Tain't no use, Miss Nellie. Yer game's up this time. Ye could scream bloody murder if t'would make ye feel better, but nobody'd hear ye. Yer aunt's under lock an' key, an' thar's nobody within ten mile ter help yer, an' pervent me from takin' ye.

Enter Hal Hazard through window, cautiously, hides under table.

Nellie. (in despair) Am I indeed at the mercy of this wicked man. Oh! heaven help me! (sinks into chair)

Bil. (advancing) Cum, shet up yer snivellin', or I'll gag ye, too. (takes her by the arm and drags her towards door)

Nellie. Oh, sir, mercy! Mercy! Oh! heaven, is there no one to help me?

Bil. Nary a one, my honeysuckle. Yer brother George won't interfere with me now, I reckon.

Hal. (blows out the light—deals Bilger a blow, fells him—grasps Nellie by the arm and speaks rapidly) Follow me. We must leave this place instantly. That villian will soon get up, and the devil will be to pay. Once out of the house make your way to Aunt Mollie's cabin. Now's our time. Not a moment to lose.

Nellie. That voice! For the love of heaven, who are you, sir?

Hal. Nobody but Ole Hal Hazard, the spy.

TABLEAU—CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Interior of Aunt Mollie's cabin. Fire place, L., near that a dog kennel—table, plain chairs, bed made up R.—large box at foot of bedstead.—clothes press, L.—practical door and window in flat—ladder R. of door to attic above. Aunt Mollie discovered knitting.

Mollie. Bress de lord! Bress de lord! It do beat all how de sojers do keep fightin', an' fightin', an' de day ob jubilee hain't cum yit. But dey can't touch Ole Aunt Mollie. No sar, she am a free nigger, sure's you're born, an' dey darsen't have her. Yah, yah!

(sings) Oh, don't you see de angel Ga'brel,
Oh, don't you see de angel Ga'brel,
Oh, don't you see de angel Ga'brel,
Cummin' fru' de clouds.
De wings ob—

Enter Nellie Clarendon, D. in F.

Nellie. (falls into a chair) Oh! Aunt Mollie!

Mollie. Why, bress de saints, my little chick. What am de matter? You 'pears kind o' skeert, chile. Who's been an' hurt done my darlin'?

Nellie. No one has hurt me, auntie. That wretch, Peter Bilger, has insulted me again, and—

Mollie. (listening) What's dat noise? I be sure I hear stufin' *(goes to window)* Oh! my darlin', dey hab cum arter you. What shall I do?

Nellie. (springing up) Oh, hide me, Aunt Mollie. You must hide me somewhere.

Mollie. (suddenly) It's a bery mean place, but it's bery safe place, an' in dar you mus' go.

Nellie. (eagerly) Oh, any place, auntie; any place to escape the persecutions of that desperate man.

Mollie. (calling dog out of kennel) Cum out, Shot—cum out o' dar. *(large dog appears)* In dar quick, chile. I know it am a bery dirty place for de like ob you, but de dog will take care ob ye. *(Nellie hastily enters kennel)* Go in dar, Shot, an' jes' ye lay down dar an' don't you stir.

(dog returns to kennel—loud thumping at the door)

Mack. (without) Hello in thar!

Mollie. I'se a comin', sar.

Mack. Wal, yer better cum purty quick, er I'll bang yer ole door in fur ye.

Mollie. (opening door) What do ye want now, hammerin' away at a poor darkey's door dat way?

Enter Sergeant Mack, at door.

Mack. Why in thunder didn't ye open the door when I axed yer too?

Mollie. You clean forget, Mr. Sogerman, dat dis chile am an' ole lame niggah—can't git 'round so spry as she uster could.

Mack. Wal, now ef yer don't perduce thet 'ere gal, what run in hyar a bit ago, I'll make yer think yer about twenty years older nor what yer are now.

Mollie. Who be ye talkin' ob, sah? Dar ain't no gal hyar, 'cep-tin' ye should call me a gal, which am not berry likely.

Mack. Cum, I hain't agoin' to take none o' your foolin'. Thar's no use o' lyin'. The gal's hyar, fur I seed her with my own eyes cum in thet thar door. So now spin it out hyar, or I'll s'arch her out quicker nor I'd drink a pint o' applejack. D'ye hyar?

Mollie. I heah ye talkin' away 'bout sumfin', dat dis chile don't know anything 'bout, dat's what I heah.

Mack. Then hyar goes fur a s'arch.

(searching)

Mollie. (following him around) Look heah, Mr. Sogerman, I dunno who hab gub you any right to s'arch my house, and I should tink you'd be ashamed to disturb a ole woman, a prowlin' an' sneak-in' 'round arter dark.

Mack. I hain't agoin' ter hurt ye, nor damage yer property, per-vidin' ye give up the gal.

Mollie. Lord a massy, what gal be ye talkin' ob? You mus' be done gone crazy, sure.

Mack. The Clarendon gal, of course.

Mollie. De Clarn'don gal, ob course! What would de Clar'ndon gal or any oder gal be doin' in Ole Aunt Mollie's cabin dis time o' night?

Mack. Wal, she's hyar, fur I see'd her eum in, and I'm goin' ter s'arch till I find her. Thet's what I'm hyar fur.

(looks into box at foot of bed)

Mollie. Jes' yer keep out ob dat box. Dar's whar I keeps my pickles and presarves, and tain't no kinder use mussin' 'em up.

Mack. *(goes deeper in box)* Thet's exactly what I like ter hear, ole woman. I'll hev' her ef she's in hyar.

Mollie. *(pushing him back)* Stan' back, Mr. Sogerman. Don't eum heah. So far can ye eum an' no funder. Yer shan't muss dis chile's t'ings up like as if dey was a confiscation.

Mack. *(angrily)* Thar's no use foolin', ole woman. Cl'ar out er I'll put ye beyond the wantin' o' pickles an' presarves. I'll fix ye, by hokey. *(seizes bed tick and tries to cover Mollie with it)* I'll smother the ole critter, and she'll make no more noise 'bout the gal.

Mollie. *(slips out from under tick, rolls Mack over, tick on top of him, pulls the rest of the clothes off the bed and piles them on, then climbs on top herself)* Dar, I hopes ye won't freeze, Mr. Sogerman. Eat Ole Mollie's pickles, hey? I t'ink ye hab eat yer last pick in dis world, an' if ye don't git yer fill ob 'em in de next den I hain't a free niggah, dat's all. Lay still, honey. Might as well took it easy, ye'll lib longer. T'ink dar'll be one rebel less to stave off de day ob jubilee.

(sings)

Oh, don't you see de angel Ga'bril,
Oh, don't—

Enter Corporal Podkins, at door.

Pod. Can't ye find the gal, lieutenant? *(Mack struggles hard to get up)* Hurrah! Hyar's the gal 'mong the clothes. Off o' that, ole woman. *(pulls Mollie off, Mack struggles to his feet)*

Mack. *(with difficulty)* Knock the old hag on the head.

(noise without)

Pod. *(at window)* No time fur that now, sergeant. The Yanks are a comin' as true as shootin'!

Mack. *(rushing to window)* Blow out thet candle, an' pile up the duds again the door. We can't git away, an' thar's no use tryin'. Let's give the cussed Yanks a hot welcome, an' make 'em believe thar's a regiment in hyar.

They blow out candle and pile furniture against door and window.

Mollie covers herself with bed clothes in a corner.

Bil. *(without)* Surround the ole trap, boys; an' we'll soon take the castle.

Mack. Pull out yer iron, corporal, an' when I say fire blaze away. Thar's nothin' like havin' the first whack.

They station themselves at window, and fire two or three rounds with revolvers.

Bil. *(without)* Cut down thet tree, boys, an' we'll smash in the oor.

Mack. I say, Podkins, don't thet sound a leetle like Captain Bilger's voice?

Pod. I'm gosh darned if it jest don't, sergeant.

Mack. (*speaking through window*) Hold on, you fellers out thar. Who be ye, anyhow?

Bil. (*without*) We're soldiers of the glorious Southern Confeder'cy. Do yon Yanks surrender?

Mack. By hookey, captin', we thought you were Yanks. Wait, I'll open the door fur ye. Podkins, strike a light.

(*opens door, Podkins lights candle*)

Enter Bilger at door.

Bil. (*pistol in hand*) What the devil's the meanin' o' this, Sergeant Mack? What made ye fire at us?

Mack. We thought you 'uns was Yanks, captin'-sure. But I think we've been makin' fools o' ourselves.

Bil. Thar's no doubt o' that. But what brought you in here, anyhow?

Mack. We see'd a gal run in hyar, an' I knowed ye war arter the Clarendon gal, so I thought maybe as how this might be her, an' if it was I was goin' ter surprise yer by takin' her ter ye.

Bil. Yer a trump, sergeant; an' so are yon, corporal, an' I'll see that yer both promoted. But whar's the gal? Hev' ye saw her?

Mack. We see'd her eum in through thet door, an' she hain't gone out through it, I'm sartin'. Whar's the ole woman, Podkins?

Pod. She's hid under them clothes thar.

Mack. Wal, she can tell ye all 'bout it if she would.

Bil. Ef she would, eh? Wal, I guess maybe we can persuade her to. We'll tend to her shortly. (*takes out bottle*) Take a swig o' applejack to our success. Et makes me feel glorious arter a battle like thet. (*all drink*) I swear I hain't had such a lively engagement since I enlisted.

Mack. We didn't hurt anybody, did we captin'?

Bil. Oh, you popped over one or two, but thet don't matter, seein' the fun we hed out on it. I think your ole man's toes er up.

Mack. My dad! The devil he is? An' now I'll hev ter s'port the family. Wal, they hev' ter scratch gravel, thet's all.

Bil. Never mind yer family, we'll 'tend ter the ole woman now. (*pulling the clothes off Mollie*) Now see hyar, ye ole black buzzard o' beauty, we wants yer ter make a clean breast on it, an' no more foolin'. Remember yer dealin' with a Captin' of the Southern Confeder'cy, an' now tell me whar' ye've hed thet gal.

Mollie. Ef dat be de business you is arter, Mr. Peter Bilger, ye can jis' el'ar out, fur I hab nothin' ter tell ye, an' if I had I shouldn't do nuffin' ob de sort. I dunno nuffin' 'bout missus, as I tole de odder hossifer dar.

Bil. Then we'll see what can be found. A little jug o' applejack is soon drank, an' a little shanty is soon s'arched, so dive in, boys, an fifteen dollars in Confederate money ter the man what finds the gal.

Pod. That wouldn't buy a chaw of Virginia twist.

Bil. What's that ye say, corporal?

Pod. I say we've looked every whar' but in thet chist.

Bil. Then we'll look thar to onet. (*searching everywhere. Goes up the ladder to attic*) Now, thar's only one place left, an' thet's the dog kennel thar.

Mack. Oh, I'll warrant she ain't thar. Why, thet's a nice place fur a fine lady ter crawl into.

Bil. 'Tain't no ways likely, but I don't go out o' hyar till I've s'arched every corner of it. In fur little, in fur big, them's my sentiments. (*gets on hands and knees and looks in dog kennel—a low growl*) Cuss that thar dog.

Mack. (*mounting the table*) Take my advice an' don't meddle with thet thar purp. He's got powerful teeth.

Mollie. Dat teller's he's a brave hossifer. Wonder Jeff Davis hain't made a Brigadeer General o' him.

Mack. Shet up, ye ole black walrus.

Mollie. Golly, captin', if ye had a regiment o' such hossifers yer might storm two dog kennels.

Bil. Go in ole trap-hammer. A woman's tongue and the waters of the ocean hain't never still.

Mollie. Be berry careful, captain, or Shot'll take de swellin' out ob your han'sum nose. Keep a snoopin' 'round, Captain Peter Bilger, dat's right. Dar's nuffin' dang'rous 'bout turnin' a ole woman's cabin inside out, an' ye'll cober yerself all ober wid glory by doin' it.

Mack. Look'ee hyar, captin', maybe the gal got out o' the cabin some other way than the door, an' put fur the mansion again. She hain't hyar now, any how. Let's go over thar an' hev' another look.

Bil. P'raps yer right, sergeant; ye ginerally be 'bout sich things. We'll give the house another rub, anyhow. Good-bye, ole snowball: we may call on ye again 'fore very long. Leastwise don't be surprised if ye should see us. Come, boys, let's be off.

(*exit with Mack and Podkins*)

Mollie. (*listening till they are all gone, then runs to kennel*) Come out ob dat, darlin'; ye is saved.

Nellie. (*coming out*) Ah, auntie, how shall I ever repay you for what you have this night done for me?

Mollie. (*putting things in order*) Dar', darlin', don't say nuffin' 'bout de pay. Aunt Mollie don't do sich t'ings fur de like o' dat. She works fur lub, for lub ob her little chick. Bress de lord for it all, chile.

Nellie. I feel greatly exhausted, auntie.

Mollie. Ob course 'tis nat'ral dat you should. (*fixing bed*) Now jis' you lie down dar, chile, till I make you a cup o' my collee, dat's a good lanb. (*Nellie lies on bed*) Dis am a strange world. What's agwin' to cum ob it I dunno. Nobody's safe, an' when ye is safe ye ain't nobody. But dar's no use ob complainin', de day ob jubilee in a comin'.

(*sings*)

Oh, don't yon see de angel Gab'rel comin' frew de clouds;
De wings ob——

Hal Hazard looks in at window.

Enter Hal Hazard at door.

Hal. A friend, auntie, what hev' come to give you and Miss Clarendon a lift.

Mollie. Miss Clar'ndon! She ain't heah. She lib in de big white house up on de highway. Mus' be a fool to t'ink she lib in a shanty like dis.

Nellie. He's a friend, auntie. I know him. He has helped me before.

Mollie. Dar, now, chile, you hab gone an' done it. I jis' say you hain't heah, an' up you pops to onct an' shows dat I tole a big lie.

Hal. It's all right, auntie, but we must git Miss Clarendon away from here to onct, fur them villians might come back, an' then—

Mollie. (at window) Hark! What's dat? Gorry mighty, dem fellers be a comin' straight back heah now. Heah, Nellie, darlin', into dis cupboard—quick. (opening clothes press) Dey hab looked, an' dey won't s'arch de same place again. (Nellie enters press)

Hal. Hev' they s'arched up stairs in the garret yet, auntie?

Mollie. Yes, dey hab. ~

Hal. Then up thar's the place fur me. I hev' played the fool onter 'em to-night, an' don't keer anything partic'lar 'bout bein' seen jist yit. (goes up ladder)

Enter Bilger and Mack at door.

Mollie. Wal, what be de matter now? Keep a doin' sich tings, burn down de house, hang Ole Mollie, an' maybe somebody'll make ye kurnel yet.

Bil. Who sed anything 'bout hangin', ye ole jelly fish? We hev' concluded that you hev' got ter tell whar' the gal is, or ye'll stretch hemp now fur sartin. The dog he's cum out' o' the crib, so we'll take a look thar.

Mollie. Oh, don't do dat, cap'in! She ain't dar.

Bil. D'ye hear thet, sergeant, the ole critter's gittin' narvous. The dorg house'll hev' ter be s'arched, an' hyar goes.

(crawls into kennel and pulls out piece of carpet)

Mollie. (laughs) Dat's de time de Soufren Confeder'cy got sold.

Mack. Stop yer laughing, ole woman, er I'll peel the black hide off ye. (noise overhead) Hello, captin, the gal's up in the attic sure as shootin'. I jis' heerd her crawlin' 'round. (goes up ladder)

Bil. Kitch her! Kitch her! Don't let her git away.

Mack. I can't kotch nobody up hyar. It's too dog on dark ter see a feller's nose, let alone kotch a gal. Fetch the candle an' cum up.

(Bilger takes candle and ascends, Mollie takes ladder away)

Bil. (aloft) Thar, the cussed candle's gone out, sergeant. Ye'll hev' ter wait till I go down an' light it. (falls through trap to stage)

Bil. Oh, lord, I'm mashed fur sartin!

Mack. (aloft) What's up?

Bil. Heels up and head down. Oh, lord, I'm killed!

Mack. Did ye miss the ladder?

Bil. Ladder! Thar' ain't none thar. The ole she imp took it away an' I fell clean down. It's a cussed ornery trick, an' she's got to pay fur it, thet's all. Throw down the candle an' I'll light it. (lights candle with difficulty, discovers Mollie seated in rocking chair, laughing) Oh, thar ye be, ole black-an'-fat. Ye tried ter murder

Peter Bilger, C. S. A., did ye? Wal, now we'll see 'bout it. By hook-ey ye've got ter stretch hemp fur thet trick as sure's I'm a sinner.

Mack. (*above*) Thet's the talk, by hookey!

Bil. (*finding a rope*) Hyar, this'll do. Now whar'll we pull her up, thet's the question?

Mack. Jes' make a noose and hand up t'other end to me, I'll fix it.

They suspend rope from attic, about seven feet from stage. Mack climbs down ladder.

Bil. Thar, thet'll do bully. Now see hyar, sergeant, I'll try the concern, an' see how the length o' the rope will do, so's to be sure o' our game. (*places chair under noose, gets on it, sticks his head through and looks at Mollie*) How does this hyar suit yer narves, ole gal?

Hal suddenly pulls up rope from above, suspending Bilger in the air. Bilger grasps the rope by his hands, preventing himself from being choked.

Mollie. (*jumping up*) Dat suits me pursactly. Bress de lord dat's almost as good as seein' Gab'el a comin'!

Mack. (*frightened*) The devil himself must hev' pulled up thet rope.

Bil. (*struggling violently*) Cut me down, sergeant, for heaven's sake, cut me down! I'm chokin' ter death! Why the devil don't yer cut me down.

Mollie. (*at window*) De good lord bress us! What am de meanin' ob dis? More sogers am a comin'!

Hal. (*dropping down*) Hurrah for the Union cavalry! It means deliverance is near, Aunt Mollie!

Pod. (*putting head in at door*) Cut yer lucky, Cap'in Bilger, the enemy am upon us.

Hal. (*pulling Podkins in*) My good friend thar are sartin unpleasant obstacies over which the valient captin' has no control, which pervents him from follerin' yer kindly advice. No yer don't, my coovy. (*to Mack, who tries to escape, Hal floors him*)

Mar. (*without*) Halt! Dismount!

Hal. (*opening door*) Jist in time, Captin' Maxwell. We was a waitin' fur ye, an' ye didn't disapp'int us.

Enter Captain Maxwell at door.

Max. (*shaking hands with Hal*) Where is Nellie, Hal?

Hal. She am hyar, an' all right; thanks to Aunt Mollie.

Mollie. Am dis Cap'in' Maxwell? Lor' bress ye, but dis chile am glad to sot eyes on ye. You's jist in time to save my little chick. Here she am all safe an' sound.

(*throwing open cupboard door, Nellie rushes into Maxwell's arms*)

Max. Thank heaven we came so opportunely.

Nellie. Oh, how delightful to feel safe beneath your protecting arms once more, dear Tom.

Max. And how doubly delightful to know that you are sheltered there. (*seeing Bilger*) But who's this?

Mollie. Dat am Cap'in' Peter Bilger, Esquire, ob de Confed'rate army, if he has any breff left, and if he hain't den it am his mortal derange, as de parson sez.

Max. Is the fellow dead?

Mollie. Guess not, cap'in'. Tink he's got seven lives, like a cat.

Max. We'll drop him anyhow, and if he weathers that stretching he's welcome to his like. *(cuts Bilger down)*

Hal. Hyar, a couple prisoners, capt'in. What shall be done with 'em?

Max. Pass them to the boys outside, Hal, they'll take care of them.

Hal. *(to Mack and Podkins)* For'ard march, my gallant fusiliers. We'll send ye whar ye can't spend yer time in searing young gals an' ole woman. *(at door)* Hyar, boys, is a couple o' pets fur ye. Handle 'em carefully, they're tender.

(exit Mark and Podkins)

Max. Where is George, Nellie?

Nellie. Alas, captain, I haven't seen him since the day you were brought into the house wounded.

Max. If he was with us we would proceed at once to the Union lines. I dare not leave you at the mercy of such villains as these any longer. Sherman will pass here in a very few days at furthest, then you could return to your house in safety.

Nellie. But, Aunt Margrave, captain; what would become of her?

Max. She is on the way now from the mansion to the cabin. I released her from her imprisonment, and told her if we found you we would not return, as we must be within our lines before morning.

Nellie. George would not know what had become of us. I dare not go without him.

Max. Do you think he would go if he were here?

Hal. I think he would, Tom.

Max. *(looking around in surprise)* Who spoke?

Hal. Only me, capt'ing.

Max. But you called me Tom.

Hal. *(pulling off disguise)* Do you object to that?

Max. George Clarendon!

Nellie. George!

Mollie. Massa George!

George. At your service.

Together.

Max. Can this be possible? Old Hal Hazard and George Clarendon one person?

George. Yes, Tom, Old Hal Hazard has been a tried and true friend to George Clarendon for many a weary month; sheltering him when in the fastness of the mountain, hiding from his pursuers, conducting him safely on the highway, through innumerable dangers, leading him safely into the very heart of the enemies country, in the midst of his most deadly foes, enabling him to lay important facts before our army commander. Yes, Tom, Old Hal Hazard has proved a faithful friend, but I pray heaven the day is not far distant when all such, though true they have been, may cast aside their masques, and tread God's footstool in their own characters as men, and on this very spot, under the sun, protection of our glorious Star Spangled Banner.

Bilger.

Maxwell.

Nellie.

George.

Mollie.

TABLEAU—CURTAIN.

NEW MILITARY ALLEGORY.

The Spy of Atlanta.

A grand military allegory in 6 acts, by A. D. Ames and C. G. Bartley, 14 male, 3 female characters, with as many supernumary ladies and gents as the stage may afford room for. This great play is founded on incidents which actually occurred during the war of the Rebellion—it introduces Ohio's brave and gallant McPherson—the actual manner of his capture and death is shown. It abounds with the most beautiful tableaux, drill, marches, scenes upon the battle field, in Andersonville, etc., and is pronounced by the press and public, the most successful military play ever produced. G. A. R. Posts, Military Companies and other organizations, who may wish something which will *draw*, should produce it. It may not be out of place to add that this play with the incidents of the death of the gallant McPherson, was written with the full consent of the General's brother, R. B. McPherson, since dead, who fully approved of it. Below will be found a synopsis of incidents, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act 1st. Home of Farmer Dalton. "don't talk politics." The dinner hour. News from Fort Sumpter, and call for 75,000 men. Quarrel of old friends. "They hung traitors in former times." Oath of vengeance. The patriotic Dutchman. His wonderful story. Husband and wife. "Go, and may God bless you." Little Willie. "Dot dog." The Dutchman organizes a company. Parting of lovers, and "parting for ever." "Country first and love afterwards." Schneider, the Dutchman, and his new company. He means business and shows his "poye" that he understands military business. Enlisting. Schneider and his company sign the rolls. The Daltons. "Husband, must you go?" Duty. Little Willie. "Please, mother, may I go?" Presentation of the flag. Parting of loved ones.

Act 2nd. Camp by night. The letter from home. Army duties. Songs and merriment. "Tenting on the old camp ground." Inspection of the regiment. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from Atlanta. A brave man required. The dangerous mission. Promise of promotion given by McPherson. Departure of the spy. The Confederate camp. Capt. St. Clair's soliloquy. Plotting. Pete. The old Negro is used rather roughly. Father and son. The man who stutters so badly. The discovery. "A spy." "Do your worst, you cowardly traitor." Pete makes himself useful. "No chance of life." Thrilling tableau and capture of St. Clair. Escape of St. Clair. The pursuit. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from the front, McPherson preparing for battle. Firing on the left. "I must at once ascertain the cause." The rebel squad. McPherson's danger. "Halt and surrender." The fatal shot. "It is General McPherson; you have killed the best man in the Union Army."

Act 3d. Return of the spy. Sherman hears of the death of his friend. The enemy's lines in motion. The long roll and general engagement.

Act 4th. Battlefield by night. "Water! I am dying for the want of water." Little Willie. The traitor forgiven. Edwin and Willie are made prisoners. The discovery, and renewal of the oath of vengeance.

Act 5th. Andersonville with all its horrors. Hope of being exchanged. The last crust of bread. St. Clair informs Edwin of the arrival of his wife. Fears of insanity, and prayers to God for reason to know her. The maniac. "Oh, brother, don't you know me? I am your brother Willie." Maud arrives. Terror on beholding her husband. "He must know me." The picture. The recognition of the picture, and "you are—no I can not be wrong, you are Maud, my wife, thank God." Villainy of St. Clair. The cry for bread. Bravery of Willie. The fatal shot, and death of the brave boy. Madness. The curse. "Boys, let us pray that this may soon end." The rescue.

Act 6th. News of the surrender of Lee. The new love. The vacant chair. Happiness of Pete. Return of the boys, and joyful meeting of loved ones. Bummer's march, and beautiful tableau.

Price, 25 cents per copy.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

An entirely new and original Nautical and Temperance Drama, by the Amateur's favorite author, W. Henri Wilkins, entitled

THE TURN OF THE TIDE, OR WRECKED IN PORT.

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SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT FIRST.—The fisherman's home—reminiscences of the wreck. The gathering storm—Reference to the money—Entrance of the Pirate—Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of him—Pepper tells his story—The sunset gun—The storm breaks—Susie's secret—Pepper struck by lightning—A signal of distress on the water—Clyde's proposal—"I have the power"—Lillian's secret—"Why can't I die! He has forfeited all claims to honor or respect, and hopelessly cast me off, yet notwithstanding all this, I love him."—Entrance of Clyde, "You here! Begone and let your lips be sealed, or I'll cut out your quivering heart and throw it to the fishes who sport in yonder deep"—Clyde's soliloquy "Ah, Capt. St. Morris, a fig for your gilded castles built on air."—The pirates rob the house.

ACT SECOND.—Frisky's communings—She and Pepper have a little falling out—Pepper's pursuit of knowledge under the table—Clyde shows his colors and plays his first card, "Then my answer must be 'yes,' though it break the heart of my child."—The old man tries to drown his sorrow—Pepper goes for clams—Entrance of Lillian, "Yes, pirate though you are, and chieftain of the hunted crew, I love you still! The time will come when you will find I am the truest friend you ever had."—Aunt Becky relieves herself of a few ideas and Pepper gives her a few more—The old fisherman falls a victim to Intemperance, and Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of "sich doins."—The meeting of Clyde and St. Morris—The combat—Death of Clyde, "Oh, Heaven! I am his wife."—Tableau.

ACT THIRD.—One year later—Company expected—Pepper has a "werry curis" dream—Capt. St. Morris relates a story to Susie—Love-making interrupted by the old fisherman—His resolution to reform—Aunt Becky thinks she is 'slurred.'—Lillian communes with her own thoughts—The Colonel arrives—Pepper takes him in charge and relates a wonderful whaling story—Restoration of the stolen money—"The same face, Heavens! I cannot be mistaken." "It's all out."—The Colonel finds a daughter—He tells the story of his escape from the wreck—Old friends meet—The Colonel's proposal and acceptance. "Bress de Lawd."—Happy ending, with song and chorus.—"WAIT FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE."

AMES' PLAYS—Continued.

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32	My Wife's Relations, comedietta, 1 act, by Walter Gordon.....	4 4
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